

The contention of the two famous Houses,

Cade. Proclaime silence.

All. Silence.

Cade. I Iohn Cade, so named for my valiancy.

Dicke. Or rather for stealing of a cade of sprats.

Cade. My father, was a Mortimer.

Dicke. He was an honest man, and a good bricke-layer.

Cade. My mother came of the Lacies.

Nicke. She was a Pedlers daughter indeed, & sold many laces.

Robin. And now being not able to occupy her furr'd packe,
She washeth buckes vp and downe the countrey.

Cade. Therefore I am honourably borne.

Harry. I the field is honourable, for hee was borne vnder a
hedge, because his father had no other house but the cage.

Cade. I am able to endure much.

George. That's true, I know he can endure any thing,
For I haue seene him whipt two market dayes together.

Cadr. I feare neither sword nor fire.

Will. He neede not feare the sword, for his coate is of prooffe.

Dicke. But methinkes he should feare the fire, being so often
burnt in the hand, for stealing of sheepe.

Cade. Therefore be braue, for your Captain is braue, & vowes
reformation: you shall haue seuen halfe peny loaues for a penny,
and the three hoopt pot shall haue ten hoopes, and it shal be fel-
lony to drinke small beere, if I be King, as King I will be.

All. God saue your Maiesty.

Cade. I thanke you good people, you shall all eate and drinke
of my score, and go all in my liuery; and wee'll haue no writing
but the score and the Tally, and there shall be no lawes but such
as come from my mouth.

Dicke. Wee shall haue sore lawes then, for he was thrust into
the mouth the other day.

Geo. I and stinking law too, for his breath stinkes so, that one
cannot abide it.

Enter Will with the Clarke of Chattam.

Will. Oh Captaine, a prize.

Cade. Who's that *Will*?

Will. The Clarke of Chattam, he can write and reade and cast
account,

Yorke and Lancaster.

account, I tooke him setting of boyes copie
in his pocker with red letters.

Cade. Zounds he's a Coniurer, bring him
Now sir, what's your name?

Clarke. Emanuell sir, and it shall please y

Dicke. It will go hard with you I tell ye
For they vse to write that ore the top of Le

Cade. What do ye vse to write your nam
ent fore fathers haue done, vse the score an

Clarke. Nay truly sir, I praise God I ha
vp, that I can write mine owne name.

Cade. Oh he has confest, go hang him
horne about his necke.

Enter Tom.

Tom. Captaine, Newes, newes, sir *H*
brother are coming with the Kings powe

Cade. Let them come, he's but a Knight

Tom. No, no, he's but a Knight.

Cade. Why then to equall him, Ile ma
Kneele downe Iohn Mortemer,

Rise vp sir Iohn Mortemer.

Is there any more of them that be Knight.

Tom. I his brother.

Cade. Then kneele downe Dicke Butc

He knights him.

Rise vp sir Dicke Butcher. Now sound

*Enter Sir Humfrey Stafford and his
Drum and Soldiers.*

Cade. As for these silken coated slaues,
Tis to you good people that I speake.

Staf. Why Country-men, what meane
To follow this rebellious Traitor Cade?

Why his Father was a brick-layer.

Cade. Well, and Adam was a Gardine
But I come of the Mortemers.

Staf. I, the Duke of Yorke hath taught